

In 1791 he was asked to compose a Requiem, which he did after having completed the wonderful opera "Zauberflöte." But his mind had become slightly unbalanced, and he began to think that he was writing it for himself. One day while working at the score in bed he was suddenly seized with the idea that it would never be finished. On December 4th, 1791, some friends came and sang the parts to him, after which he became unconscious, and died the following day. There was no public funeral for this great man—in fact, no one knows to this day where his body rests. A terrible storm prevented his friends from following the body, and at the early age of 35 Mozart was laid to rest in a pauper's grave with only the grave-digger as mourner. This was indeed a sad ending to the life of a genius, who had received all honour as a child, but on reaching manhood and fulfilling all the promise of his early years, was left in poverty and buried without recognition. —M. BAINES.

CARPACCIO: THE PAINTER OF STORIES.

The painter of stories—the painter for children. Botticelli touched their hearts; Jan Eyck stimulated their intellect; Velásquez filled them with humble wonder; but Carpaccio, they will feel, is their very own, for children love stories. Which of us has not related over and over again the story of the Three Bears? Do we realise how, to the child who listens with such intense gaze, the story throws itself into a series of pictures? The flight through the wood—the stolen meal in the kitchen—the rest on the bed—the arrival of the bears—the discovery and flight. Perhaps we have taken children to the National Gallery or to the National Portrait Gallery. Is there any need to tell them the story of Griselda as they stand before that wonderful series? Or in the latter place, will they not eagerly tell you the life history of that interesting man in the Tudor room (I think his name is

Hudson, but I remember very vividly how he courted and married his wife). And now we are to show them the work of the prince of story-tellers, that great Venetian painter who has put on his canvas for us in all its glowing colours the life that he saw around him: making his art, and his power in his art, tell us the story of the saint who is the gentle, brave patron of all little girls, of the agony and rescue of a noble princess, of the great day in the life of the Holy Young Mother, and the dignified, calm progression of the life of a learned father. Had Carpaccio little girls of his own, I wonder? He walked Venice with the seeing eye, and drew on all her stores of colour and form, of incident and delight, to furnish a background, to give a reality and warmth to his stories of the past, that they hold with unabated force to-day. The eight pictures that unfold in such minute and delicate detail, the story of St. Ursula, are full of a joy, gentleness, and dignity, that are expressed in colour so true and tender, with sympathy so rare, that we gaze on them with reverence as well as admiration. "The frescoes of Carpaccio not only bring before us the life of Venice in its manifold reality, but they illustrate the tendency of the Venetian masters to express the actual world rather than to formulate an ideal of the fancy, or to search the secrets of the soul. This realism, if the name can be applied to pictures as poetical as those of Carpaccio, is not, like the Florentine realism, hard and scientific. A natural feeling for grace and a sense of romance inspire the artist, and breathe from every figure that he paints. The type of beauty produced is charming by its negligence and naïveté: it is not thought out with pains or toilsomely elaborated."* So the painter realises the life of that brave princess, and lovingly shows it to us. Her gentle home life, ordered and dignified and happy, with her pets, her books, her flowers, and her dreams; her difficult voyaging with all the long retinue and

* Symons: "The Italian Renaissance."

cumbersome accompaniments of travel for the great; the splendour and ceremonial of Court life, and the courage that will not know fear nor consider submission, in her martyrdom; which, you will notice, does not appear sad at all to Carpaccio. He is a story-teller again, not an actor, whose art draws from him real grief. The Princess was killed in the story, but then we knew she was going to be, and she knew too. And her heavenly crown is to be so splendid that neither she nor her portrayer have the least desire to feel horrified or to be sorry about it. In the previous picture (the one we have) no one bothers very much about the siege. The birds sit on the trees, the sun shines, the people stand about and talk, and St. Ursula calmly prepares to land her maidens. In fact, the young man in the foreground, sitting down, is really frankly bored by it all. We do not dwell on the unpleasant side in telling stories, especially of little girls.

The St. George picture is quite gay. The dragon was very terrible, of course, to show how brave St. George was. But he got quite tame and good afterwards. The Princess is so pleased with it all, so proud of her saint, so ready at her baptism, so always a princess—creatures who are, as we well know, quite different beings in stories from ordinary people, though always real. They have a wonderful self-possession and calm. Do you not feel, in the presentation, it is a daughter of the royal line of David who has brought her Son to the Temple? It is the mother of the King of kings, who fulfils the rites of her religion as she brings her Son to its High Priest.

Is is a picture full of dignity and power, with wonderful colour grouping that the reproduction misses somewhat. Let the children search for the details in the picture, which always mean so much with Carpaccio—symbolic in such a Greek manner, that gave much delight to Ruskin. (We ought all to live with "St. Mark's Rest" next term to catch the master's enthusiasm for our painter.) The two dead bodies

in the St. George picture—what may they not mean? The world and the flesh subdued, the Spirit triumphant?

Do you not think Carpaccio loved animals as well as children and all the gay life of his beautiful city? It is such a nice dog that lies in the sun on the landing stage. And St. Ursula's little dog was such a dear; and there is the quaint monkey on the steps, too; and here is St. Jerome and his lion and his partridge, quite a beast you would pat without question, just the bird you would have loved to tame yourself. Let this delightful room become a real place of calm and delight to the children. So orderly, so interesting. Such lovely things in it! Such beautiful furniture! Such a sense of repose and peace. I always think, "And no wind, and no noise!" Some pictures have a great deal of noise in them. The wind moans sometimes over Mousehold heath, and the tree-tops rock and creak and the dust blows, and you ache with weariness on Hobbema's avenue; there is quite a pleasant jingle of harness and sound of tramping feet and sonorous words in Las Lancas; but here, in the saint's beautiful study, there is no wind and no sound. It is a large room. The children will remember another large room, Velasquez's studio, where the maids of honour came to be painted; but it was dark and rather crowded, full of clothes, not much air. This room has lots of space, and lots of air—room to think big thoughts in, plan big plans, know big ideas. Carpaccio knew the noble rooms of Venetian palaces. We have two for our pondering here, the chamber of the Princess and the study of the Cardinal, each expressing the mind of the owner and the sympathy of the painter. What do we know of St. Jerome? "That he was born in Dalmatia, midway between the East and the West; that he made the great Eastern book, the Bible, legible in the West; that he was the first great teacher of the nobleness of ascetic scholarship and courtesy, as opposed to ascetic savageness; the founder, properly, of

the ordered cell and tended garden, where before was but the desert and the wild wood; and that he died in the monastery that he founded in Bethlehem." He "represents the perfect mastery of the mind, in the fulfilment of the right desire of the Spirit."* And the passage goes on to describe how the various arts, all subordinate to that desire, are represented. The children will find their symbols in the ordered profusion and tidy litter of the room. They will probably ask about the skull, why it is in the room; and you will remember that when St. Jerome is in the desert he always has a skull near him. (Mary Magdalene has one, too, notably in that beautiful picture in Dresden, in which she uses it as a book-rest.) I think it is a reminder that by the Gate of Death we come to life everlasting; that all have sinned, so all must die; therefore the saints have a skull in their place of prayer, where they search to know the mind of God, seeking forgiveness for their sins by confession and repentance.

The contemplative life, which endeavoured by meditation to reach the "Peace of God," needed to be reminded that the veil of the flesh with the delight of the mind, would disappear with death, and that mortality must limit the understanding of God's immortality.

Let me quote from Sir Arthur Symons again: "The Venetian school, in its infancy, began with a selection from the natural world of all that struck them as most brilliant. No other painters of their age in Italy employed such glowing colours, or showed a more marked predilection for the imitation of fruits, rich stuffs, architectural canopies, jewels, and landscape backgrounds. Their piety, unlike the mysticism of the Sienese and the deep thought of the Florentine masters, is somewhat superficial and conventional. The merit of their devotional pictures consists of simplicity, vivacity, and joyousness. . . . Bright costumes, distinct and sunny landscapes, broad backgrounds of architecture, large skies,

* Ruskin: "The Shrine of the Slaves."

polished armour, gilded cornices, young faces of fisher-boys and country girls, grave faces of old men brown with sea-wind and sunlight, withered faces of women hearty in a hale old age, the strong manhood of Venetian Senators, the dignity of patrician ladies, the gracefulness of children, the rosy whiteness and amber-coloured tresses of the daughters of the Adriatic and lagoons—these are the sources of inspiration to the Venetian of the second period."

Perhaps I should have begun with this great critic's rolling phrases, but I wanted to bring before you what seems to me the more important aspect of Carpaccio's work—the spiritual side. In all his pictures I think he succeeds in embodying an idea of spiritual significance, and to each of the thousand details that fill his canvases there is a symbolic meaning attached. A man of wide learning, living in an age of profusion, he had stores to draw upon that we do not always reach. Nor is symbolic art a large factor in our own day. Yet I think as we study these pictures this term, we shall find them unfold more and more of their author's mind, teaching us lessons of gentleness, patience, and endurance with a magnificent humility.

E. C. ALLEN.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PAID AGITATOR.

There are many "paid agitators" in this country. I am one of them.

I am paid rather well—*too* well if I compare my wage with that of my fellow-Council employees, the dustmen, the road sweepers, and the night sewer-men who do such vitally important work for such long hours and no holidays. I feel ashamed when I think of them—especially of the sewer-men. I feel that I ought in some way to order myself lowly and reverently towards these my betters. The Council have just

refused to allow roadmen to leave work at 4 p.m. on alternate Saturdays. I am free by 1 o'clock every Saturday. Yes, as a mere non-producer I am certainly well paid.

And it seems to me that it is by agitating that I must earn my wages. I must agitate against the machine-skimmed "Goat Brand" milk and tell the mothers who use it that their children are being starved; I must agitate about the many cases of overcrowding, about basement dwellings and underground workrooms, for a "paid agitator" must not cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace.

A little child once announced me to her mother as the "Insanitary Spectre." She was incorrect, but I must at least raise an "insanitary spectre" at times if only that it may be well and duly laid again.

* * * *

Let us imagine that you are to accompany me upon a day's round. I am starting forth at 10 a.m. from the City Hall, where I have spent an hour in writing yesterday's report, speaking on the telephone to a builder and a landlord and interviewing the Medical Officer of Health in his private sanctum. I have received from him my instructions for the day. A few cases of minor infectious disease have to be visited. There are two complaints, one concerning a hawker's family, of whom it is alleged that they keep fruit under the bed; the other an anonymous scrawl, which runs as follows:—

"To the Santry Lady. Dere miss—Xcuse the Libaty, but pleas call at No. 3 Paradise Street. i'm shure it's somethink Shocking xspeshully the Basemant. Peeple thinks Pore Peeple. Have No Feelings worse than Dumm Anmals let Alone wanting to be Desant but carnt. Come and see for Yourself."

This having been solemnly registered in the Complaint Book, I am ready to start. I have my bag, with note-book

and parchment, "Authority for Entry," to which is attached the impression of the Council's seal. I also take matches and a measuring tape, but as I am not going to any workshops or restaurant kitchens I leave my thermometer behind.

We take an omnibus to Victoria, and walk down Vauxhall Bridge Road till we get to the Millbank Estate. We have to visit a case of measles at No. 1000, Landseer Buildings. This estate is the property of the L.C.C., and is much appreciated by the working people who tenant it.

The buildings are very clean and sanitary, and some of them are quite homelike. No overcrowding is allowed. Most of the tenants are married people with from two to six children, the father earning a regular wage. The dwellings are of no use to the casual labourer who has to move about in search of work, as would-be tenants must enrol themselves on a waiting list for many weeks or months; no arrears of rent are allowed, and the rents are more than a labourer could pay without the help of a lodger.

The children on the estate all seem clean and well dressed and beautifully rosy and healthy. Their pinafores are whitened on the roof drying grounds, and their cheeks are reddened in the airy playgrounds. But, oh!—those long, long flights of stone stairs. They really are a little hard on the poor old grannies and on the mothers with young babies; and then there is the question of noise. For instance, the father of little Jessie Brown, whom we have come to see, is a printer, and works all night. His wife says: "He does get that irritable in the day with getting no proper sleep. There's children romping and screaming in the playground, and people clattering about overhead and underneath, and on either side of us, and the everlasting feet up and down the stone stairs."

I think I must agitate for special dormitories for night workers. Then we should hear less of printers nodding over dangerous machines, of carmen and vanboys falling into the

street and being run over by their own horses, and of 'bus drivers asleep at the steering-wheel.

We give Jessie's mother a paper about the treatment of measles, and I write out exclusion notices which will keep her little brother at home for a fortnight.

"Can't I keep Susie at home, too, to amuse him while I'm nursing Jessie?" asks the mother. "I haven't fifty pairs of hands, and Tommy will fairly drive his father mad kicking about at home all day."

I reply that the Education Authorities do not allow the older children to stay away from school—only "infants" are excluded and those who have never had the measles. I explain that it is *their* rule, not mine.

"What do all the men on the County Council know about all these affairs, I should like to know?" says Mrs. Brown.

"I think the *mothers* know best about their *own* children."

"Why don't you vote more women on to the Council?" I suggest, forgetting for the hundredth time that as an official I have no politics.

"They are not much better. The ladies on the Council have two or three servants at home. What do *they* know about working people? Why, my husband understands my circumstances better than a rich lady, even if he is only a man."

"Well, get him to vote for the Labour representative, whether man or woman, at the next election," I suggest, and then curb myself. ("Politics again: this will never do.")

Soon we have left the pleasant precincts of the Millbank Estate, built "for the use of the many," and must turn to a street of houses built "for the profit of the few." (Politics again, but I really *can't* help it!) Now we are in Pimlico, and the next measles case is in a house "registered as let in furnished rooms." Well, I know you will not want to come in, for you have stipulated that you will go into any slum provided there is no vermin! There will be plenty in

this house, in spite of the stucco front and the area steps and the bell marked "Servants," all telling of departed glory. The "cast off" house, like the cast off garment, is the resort of the dependent and submerged. I come out saying, "Poor little kiddy!" I must go back to the office about this and get them to telephone to the Metropolitan Asylums Board. The child has every sign of pneumonia with measles. The mother is out at work, and the only nurse is a small girl of 7. I shall make the landlord give them a new mattress. The family are paying 7s. for one room, and the furniture consists of a broken bedstead with *filthy* bedding, two chairs (one broken), and a rickety table. The dirt is a legacy from the last tenant, as this family only moved in two days ago. I must agitate for more systematic inspection of this class of furnished rooms. I wonder what the percentage of profit on that miserable furniture is—about 400 per cent. per annum at least! Ugh! that horrible bed. After the telephoning business we shall only have time for one more "notifiable disease," and then lunch, and meet Miss D. in Wardour Street.

(To be continued).

D. NESBITT.

STUDENTS' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
1913-1915.

	<i>Votes.</i>
G. M. Bernau	51
M. Conder	34
H. M. Fountain	33
Mrs. Hughes-Jones	58
L. Faunce	58
Mrs. Pringle	25
L. Stainton	10
M. E. Davis	61
F. W. Young	13
M. E. Franklin	62
O. Thorp	46
Mrs. Bellerby	33
J. R. Smith	76
D. Chaplin	70
Hon. Editor : H. E. Wix	94
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer : L. Gray	96

There were 116 voting papers sent in. The students whose names are in heavy type constitute the new Committee.